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begun unless after such circumstances as give fair reason of warning on both sides that war may be expected from either one of them.

I look, said Mr. Courtney, in concluding, as the best preservative of peace, as the real, life-giving fount of peace, to a passionate desire to see fulfilled what has been the dream of the best men for centuries, even for thousands of years, the realization of peace between nations; that instead of the barbarities of war we shall have the brotherhood of peace, that instead of nation being arrayed against nation, animated with the mad desire of mutual destruction, we may see them working side by side, each fulfilling peacefully its proper place in the great organization of the world. I look to that as the first thing we must carry with us in our proselytizing energies, wherever we may go. I look next to the doing of our best to maintain the authority of law, as it has been constituted, and to extend the authority of law in cases where it is still capable of extension, so that governments and nations everywhere, recognizing that there will be built up principles by the application of which, between themselves, they may secure the realization of that vision of peace of which I have spoken. Those doctrines may be supported by your institution, the idea may be supported by your local members, and you may see, with constantly growing force, at The Hague or elsewhere—at The Hague right cheerfully I would accept it—a Court which is, in itself, of slow operation, come to exercise over the nations of the civilized world that great authority which must always tend to the exercise of justice—sane, regulated, wise and liberal justice—amongst nations, as it has been realized amongst individuals.

## War from the Christian Standpoint.

BY CHARLES OSBORNE.

In the present war between Russia and Japan the claim is made by the sympathizers with both sides that it is a fight between Christianity and heathenism. It would seem that those who speak in this way are ignorant either of what Christianity really is or of what war means. We need oftener to go to the root of the whole matter and study the subject from the *Christian* standpoint. If we claim to be Christians the one question for us is this: Can war ever be consistent with the example and the teachings of Christ? This view of the subject is often lost sight of and needs to be emphasized, for the peace of the world will never be secure until it rests on the firm conviction in the minds of Christians that war is wrong. If the Christian church had always acted on this belief, war between civilized nations would have long ago become impossible.

In Charles Sheldon's famous story "In His Steps" we get a glimpse of what the result might be if the members of one church pledged themselves to decide every question by the test, "What would Jesus do if he were in my place"? If we ask this question and answer it honestly it will help us to solve many of the difficult problems of life, and I think all will agree that this test, or something similar, is the only one the Christian should use in determining his conduct. Let us apply the test, "What would Jesus do?" Would He engage in war

under any circumstances? For me there can be but one answer: He would not do it.

This was the view held by the Christian church during the first two centuries. Tertullian, who lived about the year two hundred, is positive in his teaching that war is unlawful for the Christian. He says, "How will a Christian man war without a sword, which the Lord has taken away? In disarming Peter he unbelted every soldier." Other writers of that period claimed that the prophecy, "They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks," had already been fulfilled because the Christians refused to serve in the army. One of the complaints made against them by their enemies was that they would not fight even when it was necessary. We have the record of Marcellus, a centurion in one of the Roman legions, who became a Christian. One day he threw down his sword and belt at the head of the legion saying he had become a Christian and would serve no longer. He was thrown into prison and afterwards put to death. A young man named Maximilian was brought before the tribunal to be enrolled in the army, but he refused to become a soldier, saying, "I am a Christian and cannot fight." He was told that death would be the penalty if he refused, but he replied, "I cannot fight if I die." He was at once condemned and beheaded. We may search the records of war in vain to find greater acts of heroism than these.

Other cases might be mentioned, if further proof were needed, of the fact that in the earlier and purer days of Christianity, while the teachings of Christ were still fresh in the minds of his followers, they steadily refused to perform military service because they believed he had forbidden it. During these first two centuries the church was a great missionary society, and spread rapidly through the Roman Empire and in many barbarous countries besides; but in many places its members began to lose the purity and simplicity of the earlier time, and in the third century many of them served in the army. The cruel and ambitious Emperor Constantine, who ruled early in the fourth century, found it policy for him to grant toleration to the Christians and afterwards to join them. A dissension arose in the church and the case was brought to him for settlement. After giving his decision three times he thought it was necessary to enforce it by military power. The opposing part resisted, and for the first time (but not the last), we find professed Christians slaughtering one another. From this time Christians were common in the army, and the church rapidly grew corrupt.

It seems strange and sad to think that the church of Christ so soon forgot his teachings and suffered such defeat. It calls to mind the story of the battle of Germantown in the Revolutionary War. The American army attacked the enemy and were at first successful, but, blinded and confused by a fog, they retreated, and instead of enjoying the fruits of the victory that might have been theirs, they withdrew to Valley Forge and passed a winter of hardship and suffering. So Christ sent out the little army of his disciples to conquer the world for him. They used the weapons that he gave them, patiently enduring persecution and meeting with wonderful success. The mighty Roman Empire began to yield to their influence. The victory seemed almost gained, when, blinded by the vision of worldly power,

they retreated from the high position they had held, and Christianity gave way to the barbarism of the dark ages, from which we are now, at the opening of the twentieth century, only slowly recovering.

Yet many earnest Christian people are indifferent in this matter because they do not realize what war means. Our young people have never known what it was to live in a country which was at war until a few years ago; but those of us who saw the New Hampshire Regiment start for the Spanish War in 1898, made up as it was of young men and boys,—as we saw their fathers, mothers, and sisters go with them to the train to say good-bye, realizing how uncertain were the chances of ever seeing them again, as we thought of the possibilities of battles and sickness, of suffering and death in foreign lands,—received impressions never to be forgotten, and went away with something of the feeling that Lincoln had when he visited the slave market at New Orleans, and went away saying to himself, "If I ever get a chance to hit that institution, I'll hit it hard."

In the last war we were more fortunate than we had dared to hope, and our regiment came back without serious loss; but the celebration each year of Memorial Day and the flags that we see in every cemetery remind us of the sad days of the Civil War, when many thousands left their homes and friends and never saw them again. As we stand by their graves, "Let us here highly resolve," in the words of President Lincoln, "that these dead shall not have died in vain," but let us learn from them the lesson that no effort and no sacrifice can be too great if we can make another such conflict impossible; and let us never rest until all the followers of Christ are ready to say at all times and in all circumstances, "I am a Christian and therefore I cannot fight."

As Charles Sumner once said: "Let the pulpit, the school, the college, the press, the street, and the home, *all* be moved to speak in behalf of this cause. Preach it, minister of the Prince of Peace! Let it never be forgotten in conversation, in sermon or in prayer, nor any longer seek by subtle theory to reconcile the monstrous war system with the precepts of Christ. Instill it, teacher of childhood and youth, in the early thoughts of your precious charge! exhibit the wickedness of War and the beauty of Peace, scholar! write it in your books, poet! let it inspire to higher melodies your Christian song! And to you, statesman and ruler, let the principles of peace be as a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night! Let the abolition of war and the overthrow of the war system be your constant aim!"

### The Peace Congress of 1849.

*Extract from Elihu Burritt's Journal, Giving an Account of the Arrival of Delegates.*

PARIS, Tuesday, Aug. 21, 1849.

To-morrow the great occasion opens. I can hardly realize that it is so near. We had a busy day preparing for the first session. People are just applying for visitors' tickets of admission, and we are already obliged to curtail the number which might be issued. Dr. Carové arrived from Heidelberg, George W. Alexander having offered to defray the expenses of his journey and stay in Paris. In the afternoon we had another

meeting of the committee at Mr. Coquerell's and made our final arrangements for opening the Congress. Mr. Coquerell's son, Athanase, agreed to read the translation of my essay on "A Congress of Nations," which was a great favor to me, as he is a minister and accustomed to address a public assembly. Took a walk with Mr. Walker and called at several hotels to find Americans. Hon. Charles Durkee has arrived from Wisconsin, having traveled fifteen hundred miles before he reached New York. He is a plain, farmer-looking man, of no classical education, and with but little acquaintance with the world. But he is truly an earnest, single-hearted man, and, although unable to shine as a speaker, his presence will be valuable.

The evening came, and it seemed as if the luminous penumbra of a great advent came with it. At 8.30 Mr. Walker and myself proceeded to the station of the Northern Railway to receive our English and American friends, who were to arrive at about nine, according to the arrangements. Mr. Richard and Mr. Cooper had already gone, and we met at the station, full of interesting expectations. We were soon apprised that the delegation only left Amiens at 8.30, and that consequently they would not reach Paris before 12.30. Mr. Walker therefore returned to the Hotel Bedford, and Mr. Richard, Mr. Cooper and I remained to meet and welcome the peace army of invasion. We were shown into an elegant waiting-room, where we reclined upon sofas and conversed upon the great enterprise which was now about to open upon the world. It was a time crowded with varied emotions to me. In a little while I was to meet those whom I had seen at their own homes in different parts of England. There was a species of romance, of heroic adventure, connected with the expedition, which inspired my imagination and enhanced the zest of that expectation with which I listened for the sound of the chariot-wheels of the railway train which was to bring the missionaries of peace. Occasionally we caught a little sleep and then were roused by what seemed the footsteps of the great iron horse approaching with his precious charge. Some machinery at a distance or distant wagons produced this impression frequently, and we sallied out to the further end of the station every fifteen minutes to listen. Every moment as the clock struck twelve became fraught with palpitating interest and expectation. The attendants began to assemble on the platform as if they expected the approach of the train. Finally, about 1 P.M. we heard the distant sound of a trumpet and the railway whistle. In a moment the long row of gaslights burst forth into the most vivid splendor. The servants appeared in force along the line; the baggage trucks began to rumble along the platform. The long-expected moment had come, with its world of sudden emotions. The great red eyeballs of the *iron horse* grew brighter and brighter as he thundered into the station.

A vista of dear faces, half hidden and half revealed, passed before my eyes as the train moved slowly to its stopping place. But the first hand that was extended to me was dear Crosfields's, who saw me through the window while the carriage was still in motion. Then Cunningham, Massey and Bradshaw of Manchester gave me their hands simultaneously, and in two minutes the whole host was ranged upon the platform, numbering